

Workin' Girl Blues

Cherryholmes

I got the early Monday morning workin' blues
I put on my ragged, worn-out workin' shoes
Well, the weekend was too short and I can't lose
'Cause when the Lord made the workin' girl, He made the blues

Well, I'm tired of workin' my life away
And givin' somebody else all of my pay
While they get rich on the profits that I lose
And leavin' me here with those workin' girl blues
I-dee-o-lady, workin' girl blues
And I can't even afford a new pair of shoes
While they can live in any old penthouse they choose
And all that I've got is the workin' girl blues

Well, the boss says a raise is due most any day
But I wonder will my hair be all turned gray
Before he turns that dollar loose and I get my due
And lose a little bit of these workin' girl blues